Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

FOREVER.

Two little streamlets leapt and flowed,
And sang their songs together;
They felt alike the summer rays,
And bore the stormy weather;
The selfsame blossoms decked them both
In colors rich and rare;
And in each stream the song-birds wooed
Their bright reflections there.
And on, and on, and on they danced,
Each leaping toward the river,
And then they met to kiss and part
Forever and forever.

Two human lives, two kindred hearts,
By destiny's decree,
Met in the spring of life, to learn
Its deepest mystery.
They dreamed their morning dreams of hope
Through fair unclouded weather;
They opened love's bewitching book,
And read it through together;
They saw in one another's eyes
A deep unspoken bliss;
And from each other's lips they took
Love's ever-ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all
The sweetest pleasures here
Turned hope's glad music to a sigh,
Its glory to a tear.
It stepped between them; ah! it mocked
The love it could not kill;
It bade them in its fury live,
And love and suffer still.
They tried with outstretched hands to span
Fate's wide unyielding "Never."
The voice of destiny replied:
"Forever and forever."

Mine is no wild imagined theme,
No idle fancy flight,
It lives through daylight's busy hours,
And haunts the silent night.
The wail of sorrow fills the air,
It rests, it ceases never;
It wrings some soul, it breaks some heart,
Forever and forever.

—Lizzie Berry, in Chambers' Journal.

A SPY'S STRATAGEM.

How a British Officer Secured Information of Washington's Army.

Early in the winter of 1779 Washington's army was encamped at Morristown; and about twenty miles west of that place was the residence of Squire John Kitchell, one of the most widely known and unyielding patriots of northern New Jersey. His farm and dwelling bordered on the main road; and one evening, late in November, the usual family worship had just closed, his wife and his daughters had retired upstairs, and the squire was quaffing his nightcap of sweet cider, when his ear caught the hoof-beats of a horse outside.

Presently a step sounded on the stoop; and when the squire unfastened the door his flaring candle shone fitfully upon the long beard and blue-caped cloak of a stranger. The newcomer, somewhat bent by the weight of apparently sixty years, asked the favor of a night's hay for his horse and, for himself, only permission to rest in the barn beside him; for his purpose was to depart before sunrise. He was on his way to the American army with supplies, he said, and his laden wagon was but half a day's journey behind him. He supported his request by showing a pass which allowed Capt. Job Spring, with his team, a safe passage to the army and a return to the Delaware river.

To all this the squire replied that he was welcome to such quarters for himself and horse as he could find in the barn. Taking a lantern, he led the way, adding that in one of the stalls he had, an hour before, given lodging to a young man about to join the patriot ranks, and that his farmhand, Black Tom, also slept in the hay near by. After seeing the stranger and his roadster fairly accommodated, the squire bade him good night and returned to his homestead.

It was at least an hour after midnight when the repose of the sleeping household was rudely disturbed by the tramp of horses and the voices of a body of men demanding admittance. The alarmed inmates hastily answered the summons.

"Squire Kitchell, you are my prisoner!" cried the leader of the party.

"Who are you, sir, and where is your warrant?"

"We are all true blue and belong to the Sussex militia, and here is the warrant of the county committee to arrest you for communicating secretly with King George's commander in New York."

"Pooh! Pooh!" lightly exclaimed the squire. "Everybody knows I am a good whig; and when you bring me before Gen. Washington he'll just laugh at you and tell you to go about better business."

"Well, you won't go before Gen. Washington, and we have no time to waste any words. We'll just search your house and then escort you safely to our county jail at Newton."

"Here's more of 'em, leftenant!" cried a couple of troopers, hastily entering, in charge of Capt. Job Spring, together with the young man who had occupied a stall near him, and Black Tom, the farmhand.

"Strap the nigger fast behind one of the men and see that he don't escape. Squire, you and these other two will go into the parlor and keep quiet there along with your family, while we search upstairs for your treasonable papers. Sergeant, place sentinels around the house and one outside this parlor door, and see that no one leaves the room."

Then the leader and his men rushed upstairs to begin their search.

The prisoners were left alone in the parlor, and the door was closed; but by his tramp and voice they knew that a sentry was stationed in the hall outside. A candle on the table feebly illuminated the room, and the silence was broken only by the sobs of the squire's wife and daughters. At length the old gentleman soothed them and then seized the opportunity to explain the situation to his guest, Capt. Spring, and solemnly to protest his entire innocence of the charge alleged against him.

"Squire Kitchell, I believe you with all my heart," replied the captain, "and this will yet prove to be some grand mistake. I have heard of you before as one of our stanchest patriots. But what can you do at present? From what I have learned, there appears to be no charge against me nor against anyone but you. They cannot go behind my pass nor detain me."

"Nor detain me a moment, if my son at army headquarters could but get word of it. He is one of Washington's most trusted officers," said the squire.

"And his name?"

"Lieut. Kitchell, of the commissary department."

"What! Lieut. Kitchell!" cried the captain. "Why, my eldest son was once under his command, and his letters home oftened mentioned the lieutenant with gratitude. He is on the staff, then?"

"Yes," said the squire. "He is a young man of fine education, and so was put in general charge of the army records as well as those of the commissary—"

"And that," interrupted the sobbing wife, "is no small affair in an army of ten thousand men."

"So many as that!" exclaimed Capt. Spring.

"No, no, wife, not quite so many—" began the squire.

"Well, no matter," put in the captain. "Let us look at this matter coolly—and quickly, too. Now, have you paper, pen and ink in this room?"

In an instant the squire had opened a bureau and placed the required articles on the table.

"Now," said the captain, "sit here, squire, and write only a few lines to your son. Tell him you send them in haste by me, Capt. Job Spring, from the Delaware. Say you have been apprehended unjustly by the Sussex militia, and state the charge. Now say they are about to burn the house, and you may add they will probably hang you before they leave. Make it strong enough to bring relief quickly."

"What if these scoundrels should be Moody's men, after all!" suddenly cried the squire.

"Moody, the British spy? A good idea! Put that in, too. So, sign your name. Now I propose to take this letter and gallop off to headquarters as soon as these rascals leave. As for this young man—what is your name?"

"Maxwell—Robert Maxwell," was the reply of the young man.

"Well, I shall tell these fellows you are one of my teamsters. That's the only way to get you clear of them. And, I say, as you are going to join the army, I want you to hasten after me and meet me at the Morristown camp just as quickly as you can."

"Come, Squire Kitchell! To horse!" exclaimed the sentry, suddenly throwing open the parlor door.

Then, after a sorrowful scene of parting, the troopers rode away with their two captives, the squire and Black Tom.

Very soon after the faint dawn was just appearing when Capt. Spring mounted his nag in front of the house, and said to young Maxwell:

"Push after me, my lad, as fast as you can. I have saved you, and I want you at Morristown, to state what you have witnessed here this night."

The young man gratefully assented. But as soon as the captain was out of sight, he took good care to leave the road and get into the woods and fields, on a course that would bring him considerably to the northward of Morristown. The truth was, he had been a British prisoner, taken with Burgoyne's army, had escaped from his confinement in Pennsylvania, and was making his way to the British lines at New York. He certainly had no desire to follow in the track of Capt. Spring.

It was full ten o'clock that morning when the captain was passed through the lines of the American army and ushered into the commissary's office on Bottle hill above Morristown. Lieut. Kitchell was alone in the office, busily writing at a table covered with record books. First exhibiting his pass, Capt. Spring then handed him the squire's letter.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "this must have instant attention!" and he rushed in agony out of the office.

The captain sat still for a few moments. Then he rose and looked curiously over the record-books, made a few notes from them, and ended by putting one of them into the breast-pocket of his coat. A grand review of the army was going on in the plain below on the border of the village, and, as the lieutenant seemed in no haste to return, the captain mounted his nag and rode down to see the parade. The commander in chief and his suite were there, and, like any other old rustic, the captain and his jade rode slowly up and down near the line, apparently enjoying the sight. Presently some one in the crowd seemed recognize him and hailed him; but to this he gave no attention. He merely turned his horse and, in an absent sort of way, ambled through the streets of the village, westward. After getting beyond the town, his nag began to trot, then to gallop, and it seemed as if the rider had forgotten all about his business, his supplies, his laden wagon and everything, except getting back home to the Delaware as fast as possible.

The deep boom of a cannon sounded from the heights above the town. It was the "Old Sow," an eighteen pounder, that was fired only in case of a general alarm. The report seemed to act like a spur on the captain's steed. As he reached the summit of a hill he hastily looked back, and in the distance, behind a cloud of dust rising on the high-road, a squadron of dragoons was in full gallop, and the captain flew like a flash. They were evidently the pursuers and he the pursued. He was pressing toward the distant defiles of the mountains. Three miles more brought him into a forest road. A single dragoon, outriding the others, dashed up; but the captain's pistol-shot emptied his saddle. The chase grew furious, desperate. Two other troopers fell in succession. His pistols were empty, and his only resource was continued flight. There was still one remaining pursuer—and but one—at his heels, and he came near enough to grasp the fugitive's cloak. Adroitly slipping it loose, and urging his horse to the utmost, once more he dashed ahead. The dragoon followed fast and, coming alongside, aimed a slashing cut, that would have finished the flight had not the captain's horse stumbled and, in his headlong fall, dashed his rider to the ground. He was at the mercy of his foe. The pursuing soldier leaped from his saddle and, advancing with threatening blade, cried:

"At last, Moody, at last!"

Before the fallen man could make a sign of surrender there was a rustle in the neighboring bushes. A stranger sprang out of them in the rear of the excited trooper. A heavy club was in his hand, and with one blow he laid the unsuspecting soldier low. The next instant Capt. Spring—Moody, the British spy—flung himself on the dragoon horse, and, with a wave of his hand, dashed westward to the mountains. In his unlooked-for deliverer he recognized young Maxwell.

Moody's object had been gained. He had obtained for Sir Henry Clinton the ration-book and all other information relative to Washington's army, and when he rejoined his loyalist band that night his first care was to set free Squire Kitchell, who had so unwittingly aided him. Moody's well-known retreat in that region was an inaccessible cavern on the borders of two ponds, known as the Big and Little Muckshaw, and about two miles south of Newton in Sussex county. Between this lurking place and the city of New York was his line of operation and the region of his many famous exploits.

When Moody escaped, Maxwell, his deliverer, did not succeed in evading the remaining body of dragoons who immediately came up. He was captured, and, being identified by Squire Kitchell, was charged with aiding in the attack and plunder of his house. Eventually he was taken to Newton jail and there confined under sentence of death. Moody, however, had not forgotten his good service. Often absent on distant and perilous expeditions, it was not until the succeeding spring that the loyalist spy learned of the doom impending over his rescuer. Death threatened young Maxwell for an act of which he was innocent and of which Moody himself was the perpetrator. The spy, therefore, determined to attempt his release at any risk.

The midnight rescue is one of the notable historical incidents of Sussex county, and the details can also be found in Moody's "Revolutionary Journal," published by himself in London in 1782.

Taking with him six picked men, the spy entered the village of Newton late at night. It was a perilous enterprise, and stratagem became necessary. The keeper of the jail was hailed, and he appeared at an upper window.

"I have a tory prisoner to deliver to you," said Moody, assuming the character of a continental officer. "You know him well. It is Jaquitte, one of Moody's men."

The jailer was overjoyed at the prospect of having so notorious a loyalist in his custody; but he was cautious. He refused to open the doors.

"Moody and his men are out—so it is said—and my orders are not to unbar the door after sunset. You will have to wait till morning."

The spy then abandoned stratagem, and sternly exclaimed:

"The man who now speaks to you is Moody. I have a strong party here! Instantly open the doors, or I'll pull the jail down and hang you on the nearest tree!"

The jailer vanished from the window and sounded the alarm bell. The people of the town were aroused by it, and their approaching steps were heard in the darkness. The spy knew that in former years, not long past, the village had been the scene of Indian attack and massacre, and he ordered his men to set up a terrific yell and a succession of war-whoops. The villagers were panic-stricken.

"The savages are upon us!" they cried, as they hurried back to defend their homes.

In the meantime an entrance had been forced, and Maxwell was found in his cell, peacefully slumbering. The sudden vision of armed men startled him. Instant execution menaced him, as he thought, and he was thrown into an agony of despair. The next moment, the words: "You are free!" raised him to such a frenzy of joy that he could scarcely be hurried away in time to escape the pursuit that followed.

Young Maxwell was afterward recaptured and suffered death. He was the brother of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Maxwell, who, in 1830, was the last survivor of the British officers who had served in the American revolution. Moody himself, as he has recorded, went to London, bearing the sad news of his young friend's fate; and the tale we have here told was once as well known on "Maxwellton braes" as the story of Lucknow and Annie Lawrie.—J. Barritz Bacon, in N. Y. Ledger.

SIOUX INDIANS.

Red Men Who Are Said to Fear Neither God Nor Man.

"I have had a good many scrimmages with Indians of various tribes, but the wildest and woolliest of the whole copper-colored breed are the Sioux," said Maj. Dan Allen, one of the original "pathfinders" of the trackless west. "Most Indians are born sneaks and cowards, who do their fighting from cover, but the Sioux fears neither God, man nor the devil, and would fight Napoleon's Old Guard in an open field. A bluff won't work on them worth a cent, and, when they tackle you, you can just make up your mind to do some killing or loose your scalp.

"I was out in the southwestern part of what is now South Dakota a few years ago with a hunting party, when we encountered a lot of bucks on the warpath. There were twenty of them, while my party only numbered half a dozen. But the redskins had the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, while we were armed with Winchesters. There wasn't a rock or tree for miles, and we had to just stand up to the rack and take our fodder. One of the party was a mining engineer who had been prospecting for pay rock and had with him several pounds of dynamite and an electric battery. He was a Yankee, one of those quick-witted people that would find a way to get out of perdition though all Milton's terrors guarded the exit. He concealed the explosive in the grass, attached his wire and we retreated slowly about four hundred yards and stopped. The redskins didn't waste any time maneuvering; they came and saw and expected to conquer in short order. On they came, straight as the crow flies, and we lay down in the grass with rifles cocked. I tell you it was an interesting moment for us. If the battery failed to do its duty we were gone to a man. But it didn't. The 'blue-bellie' had dropped his hat near his Vesuvius, so that he could tell just when to touch the button. As the foremost horse reached the hat he turned on the current. There was an explosion that made the very ground reel, and the air for forty rods was full of horse flesh and fragments of noble red men, saddles and rifles, blankets and buckskin. 'Now's our time, boys,' I called, and we ran forward and began pumping the lead into the terrified savages as fast as we could pull a trigger. The remnant of the party took flight, and I am known among the Sioux to this city as the thunder-maker. The title does not belong to me, but it is mighty good capital out in their country."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A HOMEMADE GHOST STORY.

An Indianian Tells a Bit of Modern Hoosier Folk Lore.

A weird story of the periodical appearance of a headless man is told of a house near the old home of Abraham Lincoln's mother in Indiana.

A strange man moved into that community many years before the war, and lived very much to himself in a log cabin. One morning the neighbors noticed that the newcomer was making arrangements to build a house. Nothing was thought of it. In the course of a reasonable length of time the house was finished. Within a few days after the house was finished the owner disappeared.

In a little while it was whispered that the form of a headless man could be seen roaming over the place at about six o'clock each evening. Presently a young married man moved into the community, who laughed at what he termed a foolish story, and declared that he would live in the house. So he moved all of his effects into the house, and about five o'clock in the afternoon left his wife and child in the place, not having told his wife of the ghost story.

At about seven o'clock in the evening he, with his neighbor, returned home. They found the young wife kneeling in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands and moaning. She was finally quieted enough to tell them that at six o'clock the headless man passed through the room, saying: "Oh! Lord, have mercy on me!" He then told her, she said, to dig under the front door.

The young woman then commenced raving, and soon after was taken to the asylum, and died there a maniac.

The neighbors dug where directed and found a quantity of gold, but would not permit the young man to touch it, because of his heartlessness in leaving his wife alone under such circumstances. The "headless man" is said to have never appeared again.—Toledo Blade.